Consequences

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Consequences

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 22: Cuckolding + Threesome.

"If you're going to do me the indignity of fucking strangers behind my back, Will, you'd best be prepared to look me in the eye as you do so."

Things are tense between Hannibal and Will in Florence, and Anthony gets caught up in the middle of it.

Notes

This is just one of those fics where I'm not entirely sure what's happened, and I'm not even sure half the tags are accurate. Eg., Hannibal and Will are not technically in a relationship besides being fake-married, but the "cheating" still feels like cheating to both of them. All I know is it's like five different kinds of unhealthy and dubious, but I'm weirdly fond of whatever the hell this turned into.

It could also stand more context, but it's already 6k and was only meant to be a Kinktober fill, so that's not happening. This is basically canon divergent at Mizumono - Abigail was still killed, but Will got carted off to Florence instead of Bedelia. Cue me stealing script lines and adapting Bedelia's for Will.

See the end of the work for more notes

Anthony looked at Will's plate with curiosity. “Are you avoiding meats?”

“I’m trying not to eat anything with a central nervous system,” Will said carefully. Hannibal met his eyes—Will knew he thought this was childish sulking, and that was a difficult accusation to deny when he had proven he was perfectly capable of knowingly cannibalizing someone. But all things considered, sulking didn’t seem an unreasonable response.

“Oysters, acorns, and Marsala,” Anthony observed. “That's what ancient Romans would feed animals to improve their flavor.”

Will’s eyes darted back to Hannibal immediately with eyebrows raised. *Now who’s being childish?* Unable to resist his inside jokes, even if he was the only one privy to them. Swallowing back his exasperation, he shrugged. “My husband has a quite sophisticated palette. He’s very particular about how I taste.”

He had expected Anthony to laugh that off. Instead, he said, raising an eyebrow: “Is it that kind of party?”

Hannibal smiled and looked at Will with expectant amusement, as if he somehow might see the appeal in this when they hadn’t even had sex more privately. Will just stared back frostily until Hannibal sighed and said, almost apologetically, “No, it’s not.”

“It’s really not,” Will said. Perhaps in another universe.

“Shame. You were both suddenly so fascinating.”

The rest of the dinner passed civilly enough that Will almost relaxed, only to be blindsided when Anthony was just about to leave and Hannibal announced: “Roman is speaking to the Studiolo Friday. On Dante. You should come.”

Will immediately stiffened. Anthony took no notice.

“Sounds appropriately hellish,” he said, in good humor. “I'll be sure to drop by.”

Will watched him walk out the door, imagining a noose newly hung around the man’s neck. When the door shut, he asked, “Are you trying to get us caught?”

“I don’t think Mr. Dimmond is quite as law-abiding as one might think from his manners. I’m curious how he will respond. Aren’t you?”

“It’s hard to give curiosity the chance to flourish when the future already seems so uncertain.”

“That’s the best time for curiosity. When one’s options are open, and the world is your oyster. Although I imagine you’re getting tired of confining yourself to oysters, by now.”

“It’s a matter of principle.”

Hannibal pursed his lips, but nodded. “You do seem very fond of principles, Will. You’ve stuck to many such arbitrary principles since we’ve arrived in Florence. ”

Will thought of the physical distance he had placed between himself and Hannibal whenever possible. Despite the ever-present sexual tension, he had not yet acquiesced to anything but the most platonic of touches. “Principles are all I have left. You’ll recall you’ve left me with little else.”

He thought of Abigail, a lamb taken to slaughter for no better reason than to punish him and test his resolve. He wondered if Hannibal was hoping for his subsequent guilt to escalate into either self-destruction or violence, but so far there was no such luck—he merely felt the curious clash of numbness and agitation.

“You imagine yourself a solitary wanderer, then. Unwilling to acknowledge or find relief in the companionship that is offered to you.”

“You don’t have to wait around for me to change my mind.” Will looked at him, jaw set. “You’re perfectly used to taking what you want from me. I might not even put up a fight, this time.”

He half-expected Hannibal to be offended, but instead he looked almost bored. “You want to save your pride by pretending you have no choice in taking the hand of one you consider to be a monster. You’d rather think of yourself as the damsel in distress, wouldn’t you?”

“Maybe I’d rather not think of myself at all.”

Hannibal looked at him considerately. “You’re denying your own desires, Will. All in the name of punitive action against someone you’ve villainized. But it was your choice to come with me, and you have many more choices that you remain free to make. Just as Anthony does.”

“So your solution is to advocate free will? Even when free will seems more and more like an illusion between us?”

“If you are feeling alone with yourself, free will is something you can take solace in. And if you fear it is an illusion, perhaps it’s best to put that theory to the test.”

Will stared at him. “Even now, you’re trying to influence me to make some move or another. Through *free will*.”

Hannibal just smiled. “We must make progress eventually, Will. The alternative is to stagnate. If my invitation to Anthony seemed a curve ball, it was only in the interest of avoiding such stagnation.”

Really, this struck him as little more than a dare of sorts.

The next day, Will was somehow unsurprised to see a familiar face as he went to make his usual shopping trip for Hannibal’s staples of truffles and Batard-Montrachet.

“Florentines say Vera dal, with its wealth of cheeses and truffles, smells like the feet of God,” Anthony said, demeanor ever-casual as he met Will at the door.

“Hello, Mr. Dimmond,” Will said wearily. Last night had left him fatigued, and playing his still-unfamiliar role as Hannibal’s husband seemed like an unpleasant demand at the moment. He bristled slightly at Anthony’s attention, and did his best to ignore him as he collected his usual order and thanked the clerk in stilted Italian.

“Dinner was lovely,” Anthony said, following him out the door. “I must confess to a certain abstract curiosity about your husband, Mr. Jakov.”

Will almost rolled his eyes. “He does seem to have that effect on people. Fascination abounds.” He stopped just long enough to pointedly say, “*Goodbye*, Mr. Dimmond.”

“Ah, but you haven’t let me get to the best part yet. You see, I asked one of the scholars at the Palazzo to point me in the direction of Dr. Fell. He raised one craggy old finger and pointed it directly at your husband. I thought the old codger made a mistake, but there was no mistake. Dr. Fell and his newlywed husband have been making waves, it seems.”

He'd figured it out faster than expected, but it would make no difference in the end. Will ignored him, walking quickly, and Dimmond hastened to follow.

“Even in the teeth of evidence, you're just going to walk away.”

Will paused and smiled. “Those aren't the teeth you should be concerned about.”

“Whose teeth should I be concerned about, then? Not the teeth of Dr. Fell, I imagine. I wonder what did befall poor old Roman.”

“Wondering won’t get you anywhere.” He looked Anthony in the eye. “You don’t care about Dr. Fell, though. Never did. You spoke about him with undisguised distaste, which makes me wonder why, exactly, you're continuing to chase me with vague accusations.”

“You both intrigue me. Such a skillful insinuation of himself into the graces of the Studiolo, and you at his side, not at all surprised that your husband is not who he says he is. Not the least bit concerned that Dr. Fell’s persona was suddenly vacated.”

“Do you expect me to be flattered by your intrigue?”

“Any flattery is secondary. The point is, we can twist ourselves into all manner of uncomfortable positions just to maintain appearances. A modern day breaking wheel—all social graces and expectations, with none of the screams of agony. Or fewer, at any rate.”

“Are you here to twist us into an uncomfortable position?”

“On the contrary. I’m here to help you untwist, to our mutual benefit.” Will just stared at him. “I noticed a fair bit of tension between you and your husband last night. Considering the circumstances, I feared you might be in distress. I may not be your prototypical boy scout, but I’m not immune to the charms of a lost soul.”

Will remembered Hannibal's characterization of him, his supposed desire to position himself as the damsel in distress. And his encouragement—if not a dare—to make of free will what he could. He exhaled slowly. "And what kind of comfort were you hoping to offer a lost soul like me?"

Anthony raised a brow. "I thought perhaps I might help you discover a better use for your own teeth than to gnaw acorns. Harnessing one's own power is an important step to self-actualization."

Will had to take a moment to absorb that statement. "I thought my husband was the one were interested in, but I underestimated you. You're simply fond of danger and intrigue in whatever form they take, aren't you? Are you driven by masochism, Mr. Dimmond?"

"Certainly not exclusively. I'm a versatile chap, Mr. Jakov. Or whoever you might *actually* be."

Will bit his tongue and looked at Anthony carefully—his wolfish good looks, his superficial charm. Though he was in some ways Hannibal's opposite—a bit scruffier and seemingly not averse to a bit of rudeness when it suited him—he was eloquent, cultured, and had a sizeable streak of curiosity. And, it seemed, some lust for danger. Considering the similarities between the two, there would be some degree of irony in putting him in a position to be the recipient of Hannibal's wrath. And surely he was not the first, nor would he be the last, to be caught in the crossfire before things finally settled between them.

"Just call me Will," he said, imagining Anthony's invisible noose tightening just a bit further.

This drew a warm smile. "Then you should call me Anthony."

Will nodded and looked to the side, calculating. He knew for a fact that this was a terrible idea, but his simmering agitation was eager to find any outlet it could. "All right. My husband happens to be at the Studiolo this afternoon. Perhaps you'd like to visit our home in his absence, and… encourage my self-actualization?"

"I think I'd enjoy that very much, in fact."

By the time they got back to Hannibal's apartment, Will's heart was racing. The walk there had given him ample time to question what the hell he was doing—was he putting the free will theory to the test by doing something he was sure Hannibal would be displeased about? Was he being contrary by using Hannibal's own advice against him? Or was this just vindictive, a way to get back at Hannibal for everything, or to make him jealous enough he'd move past the iciness of their recent encounters into something bright and burning?

Was he trying to get himself killed?

He just knew that as soon as the door was shut behind them, he forced his fears as far from his mind as possible. His lips were on Anthony's almost immediately. He tasted slightly of cigarette smoke, but not the Marlboros that Will remembered from his youth in the south—

probably something much fancier. Will's experience with kissing men was limited to one drunken thing when he was in college, when he'd tried to numb his overactive imagination with alcohol, and some guy had gotten handsy, and he had gone along with it. But Anthony was good. Confident. He placed a kiss on Will's neck next and he gasped—after too long being sexually frustrated, the sensation was overwhelming. He wanted to tell Anthony to suck, imagining the look on Hannibal's face if he returned home to see Will's neck covered in bruises from somebody else. Wondered if it would drive Hannibal to make his own, to barrel past Will's quiet protests and suck more vivid marks onto it, to bite—or if it would be his hands that would bruise as they tightened around his neck.

The thought gave him some kind of twisted pleasure, just about enough to compensate for the emotionally distant, possibly vindictive nature of this encounter, with someone who he was only marginally attracted to. He felt Anthony's hands glide from his waist to his ass and squeeze.

"Exactly how much time do we have before your husband is due to return from the Studiolo?" Anthony asked, murmuring into his ear. It felt intimate—too intimate for what this was, but he couldn't bring himself to care.

"At least three hours."

"Hmm." Anthony's hands slid along his thighs. "I'm sure we could find plenty of ways to fill those hours, but I suspect it's in our best interest to wrap this up quickly. Your husband doesn't seem like the forgiving type."

Will laughed sharply. "That's putting it mildly."

Anthony pulled away for a moment, and for a moment Will thought he was thinking better of this—but no, he was just unwrapping his scarf and setting it aside on an armchair.

"I may not be able to leave marks on you," he said, "for fear of your husband's wrath. But you should certainly feel free to leave a few on me. I'm well covered, and I don't mind carrying the marks of my adventures."

Will walked to him. He put a hand in Anthony's hair, and tightened it slightly, testing. It received a satisfied sigh in response. Will inhaled against his neck. There was a trace of cologne there—spice and musk. He closed his eyes and contemplated the fact that Hannibal was surely going to smell him later. It wasn't a matter of whether he'd be found out—it was a matter of when, and how bad it would be when he did.

Better make the best of it, he thought, teasing Anthony's throat first with his lips, and then with his teeth. A gentle bite earned an appreciative hum, and he sucked at the portion of skin he had captured while his hands descended, feeling out Anthony's rear. He found himself enjoying this. It had been a long time since he'd taken a dominant role in any aspect of his life—dominant posturing against Hannibal aside. And here he had someone who seemed as open to the pleasures of life as did Hannibal, but without quite the dangers.

Well, albeit with an unusually high tolerance for danger—but he'd keep an eye open.

Anthony began to unbutton Will's shirt, and he returned the gesture, only hesitating when he felt hair beneath his fingers. He had spent enough mornings with Hannibal now to be aware of the greying hair that graced his chest. It wasn't what he wanted to be thinking about at the moment—those long moments when he faltered, not wanting to be the one to cross the space between them, and too proud to let his gaze linger for long.

And now instead of doing something about it, you're acting out like a petty brat.

Reprimanding himself, of course, did no good. It just gave him an appropriately bratty impulse to ignore it, and he rushed to finish unbuttoning the shirt before he could talk himself out of it. Reaching down further, he could feel Anthony was getting hard, and he paused again, because he wasn't yet.

Surely sensing his hesitation, Anthony murmured, "Why don't you relax, and I'll get you warmed up?"

He backed Will into a chair, pulling his pants down before making him take a seat.

Anthony knelt between his legs and took his cock in hand, giving it an intrigued look. "It's been a while since I've had one cut," he said, as casually as if he was commenting on the weather. "My travels usually take me across Europe. Much rarer on this continent."

He massaged along Will's length, and there was a spark of mischief in his eyes as he said, "I bet your husband isn't though, is he? That accent is hardly American."

Will had, in fact, given ample thought to what Hannibal's cock might look like, but that was another thing he really didn't want to be thinking about right now.

"Doesn't matter what his cock is like," he said, a bit sharply. "It's not the one in front of you." He pushed Anthony's head down a bit, more to encourage him to shut up than to suck. But Anthony simply smirked and put his lips around Will's cock, sliding down effortlessly.

Will gasped at how deep he took him, and then huffed in laughter. "You've had practice with this."

Anthony hummed an affirmative and the vibration felt so good, Will was almost able to lose track of the thought in the back of his mind that what they were doing was wrong—or idiotic, at the very least.

Almost.

Then he heard the click of the door unlocking and they both froze. Anthony quickly began backing away, but Will was still frozen, pantless and hard, when Hannibal caught sight of them both.

For a moment, all Will could hear was the desperate drumming of his heart trying to break free of his ribs. Hannibal's face was a patchwork of emotions that for once were poorly disguised—there was cold rage and bitter jealousy, moderately diffused by lust as his eyes

drifted down to Will's cock and lingered. Then there was a considerate tilt of his head and something not quite satisfied, but not entirely unsettled.

"I had to return from the Studiolo to retrieve a book I left behind," Hannibal said in a measured voice. His eyes went to Anthony next, who was hurriedly trying to pull himself back together. More sharply, Hannibal said, "Don't act as if I haven't just caught you fellating my husband, Mr. Dimmond. It simply adds insult to injury."

Anthony froze in place. "What, would you rather I leave the premises in the nude?" he asked in a voice slightly too tense to be humorous. "I'm sure the neighbors would love that."

"For the moment, I'd rather you not leave the premises at all."

Anthony straightened his back, watching Hannibal very cautiously, like he was prepared to defend himself. "And what would you rather I do, *Dr. Fell*?"

Hannibal took the time to remove his jacket before answering, sitting down leisurely in an armchair with his legs crossed. He was no less intimidating in this position, and he knew it—both Will and Anthony were left awkwardly suspended in time until he made his decision.

"Seeing as how you've made yourself at home and left my husband in a rather uncomfortable state, perhaps you'd like to resume with my supervision."

Anthony raised both eyebrows. "So it *is* that kind of party?"

"For the moment," Hannibal repeated. There was enough of a threat there to be uncomfortable, but it was equally clear that cooperation was the only way he would be satisfied.

Hannibal looked at Will, who clenched his jaw and stared right back. *What are you playing at?* he wondered.

Hannibal's lips twitched as if he could hear, and Will got a discomfiting sense of the response he was looking for: *You play, you pay*.

"Are you planning to play director of your own personal…" Will bit back the words *snuff film*. "Porno?"

"It's not entirely unusual for men to find pleasure in seeing their partners having sex with someone else. Rather common, actually."

"You're not common."

"But I do have certain tastes, Will. And desires."

Will huffed. He supposed this was one way of Hannibal getting what he wanted—at least he would be able to see what Will had denied him access to, without directly participating. Will tried to shrug the tension off his shoulders, but he was very aware the lion was in the room. There was no way he could go about this with a snarky attitude without making it worse. "Would you like us to resume where we were?"

Hannibal hummed thoughtfully. “Well, you seem to have already gotten a head start. Perhaps you should proceed to the main event.”

“Would you like to see your husband fuck me, Dr. Fell?”

Hannibal’s eyes glittered. “Actually, I was thinking of the reverse.” Casually, as if revealing nothing more personal than someone’s taste in clothing, he said, “If my husband offered to top, Mr. Dimmond, he was just being polite. He would much rather be on the receiving end.”

Hannibal stared right at Will, as if daring him to make a contradiction, and Will flushed bright pink. He bit his tongue. The thought of Hannibal watching calmly as he was fucked in the ass gave him an uncomfortable, roiling sensation across his abdomen that felt far more like arousal than he’d like.

Anthony looked pleased enough at this turn of events. “Shall we move to the bedroom, then?”

“If Will agrees.” There was a clear challenge there, and Will didn’t like thinking about what the alternative might be.

He swallowed, then nodded.

He did consider backing out of it. When he got on his hands and knees on the bed and Hannibal handed Anthony a conveniently stashed bottle of lube from the bedside table, part of him just wanted to sprint away and let Hannibal create whatever bloodbath he wanted. But he stayed, breath shallow, as Anthony rubbed a slick finger over his rim and pressed it into him. He almost made a noise at the unfamiliar sensation, but he remained quiet, and he stayed as quiet as he could be while Anthony stretched him and Hannibal stood behind him, surely appreciating the view. But he couldn’t help flushing scarlet from his face to his chest.

Before things went any further, Hannibal said, “Turn around, Will. I’d like to see your face.”

Haltingly, he did. Hannibal sat himself on a chair by the door, his lust now obscured by a carefully neutral expression. Will lowered his eyes to the bedspread as Anthony positioned himself behind him. This time, it was more than just fingers. He focused on trying to relax, but the sensation was still intense.

“Look at me, Will,” Hannibal said sharply. Will flinched. It was easy enough to ignore for the moment, when there was so much pressure inside him that it felt like he might split open. But then: “If you’re going to do me the indignity of fucking strangers behind my back, Will, you’d best be prepared to look me in the eye as you do so. Look at me.”

His voice left no room for argument. Will raised his eyes, all too aware that compared to Hannibal’s composure, he was a mess. Shaking slightly, breath heavy, flushed. When Anthony bottomed out he couldn’t suppress a moan—he hadn’t imagined it could go so deep, and it wasn’t an unpleasant sensation. He saw Hannibal wetting his lips.

He grit his teeth, holding back any further noise as best he could as Anthony started to thrust more and more enthusiastically, but he didn’t entirely succeed.

“No need to fake modesty for our sake,” Hannibal said. “Let us hear you moan.”

Will clenched his eyes shut.

“Anthony,” Hannibal said, “Why don’t you give him a good slap to his rear? He’ll like that.”

Will didn’t even have time to protest before Anthony did, and it shocked him into gasping, and then moaning in earnest on the next thrust. His brain was having a hard time processing the fact that Hannibal just spanked him by proxy. He realized this wasn’t just about Hannibal getting his voyeuristic kicks, it was his comeuppance for having acted out in the first place. He had wanted to have sex with Anthony, so he was—but entirely on Hannibal’s terms, and not in a way that was comfortable for him. And now he felt like was burning up from the inside, far too aware of how much Hannibal was appreciating this.

Anthony gave him another slap, and his arms weakened, dropping to his elbows and dipping his chest lower to the bed. The change in angle hit something new inside of him that made him let out a low sound of pleasure, and Hannibal’s lips parted.

Will clenched the bedspread as Anthony quickened the pace. He didn’t hesitate to give Will a few more offhanded smacks, and part of him cringed, wanting to tear away and gather up what remained of his dignity, but he couldn’t stop watching Hannibal and his darkened eyes, soaking up whatever satisfaction he was getting from this.

When Anthony made a few appreciative noises, Will watched Hannibal’s eyes flicker away from him and onto Anthony, at least for a moment. His heart leapt—there was the bitter jealousy again. It was an uneasy feeling, but it emboldened him. Hannibal may be acting as the director, but Will could buck stage direction if he wanted to.

He looked back over his shoulder at Anthony and said, “Let me ride you.”

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed. Anthony didn’t wait for Hannibal to confirm, just pulled out and flipped onto his back. Will straddled him and had a moment of panic when he realized he had no muscle memory to reference for this position—but Anthony guided himself in and Will began to rise and fall. It took him a minute to find a rhythm, especially since he felt Hannibal’s eyes burning into him, but eventually he managed. He felt more in control like this, even knowing he was now even more exposed to Hannibal.

He ran his hands over Anthony’s chest and Anthony grabbed his hips, sliding his hands up his sides and behind his ass, eyes slightly glazed over. Will watched as the more he touched Anthony, the stiffer Hannibal’s face became, and he smiled. He moaned more loudly than was strictly necessary, and wondered how far he could push before Hannibal put a stop to it—either through words, or by snapping someone’s neck. His heart jumped as he realized he wasn’t completely certain he knew whose neck that would be.

Still, he leaned down and kissed Anthony. He let his eyes leave Hannibal and fall shut, let his tongue wander and turned the kiss slick and audible, let a satisfied hum reverberate through his chest. He made it personal where it had been impersonal, made it clear that he was enjoying this, not just tolerating it.

Then he opened his eyes and saw Hannibal, and his gaze was like fire. Will felt like an animal in the sights of a wolf; his skin prickled and fear sharpened his senses. If he was in his right mind, he would have gotten off Anthony right then and made his apologies. But he was clearly not in his right mind, because all it made him do in reality was double down.

He pushed back on his cock, hard and deep enough to gasp for real, threw back his head, and said, “Oh, *fuck*, you feel good.”

He barely had time to notice Hannibal was in motion before he was right in front of him, leaning over Anthony and grabbing Will by the hair, a snarl on his face.

Will whimpered and froze. He couldn’t tell whether Hannibal more wanted to fuck him or kill him, and his gut told him Hannibal was having the same internal debate. Hannibal’s hand tracked from his hair to his neck, gripping lightly before his expression eased into little more than a tensed jaw.

“I’m afraid you’re going to have to share now, Anthony.”

Anthony sounded in good enough humor when he asked, “And how would you like to have him?” He clearly couldn’t see from his angle how dangerous Hannibal was in this moment.

“Do you have a preference, Will?”

Even if he did, he wasn’t sure he could meet the challenge in Hannibal’s eye with something coherent, let alone get past the embarrassment of saying it aloud.

“Whatever you want,” he mumbled.

“Hmm. What I *want* is for you to find fulfillment between us, rather than feeling the need to introduce a third party. But as you’ve proven yourself so insatiable as to require another lover, perhaps having us both at once is the only thing that will satisfy you.”

His mind raced, trying to figure out if Hannibal was really implying what he thought he was implying.

“Now, if you’ll lean forward, Will…”

He did. At this point he was committed to following wherever this went, even though he found tremors beginning to pass through him from the adrenaline. Hannibal went out of his line of vision, and he could hear the cap of the lube clicking open. Then slick fingers pressed around his rim while Anthony was still seated inside him. He shivered and closed his eyes, bracing himself.

When a finger did slide in, he whimpered, less from the small stretch that it added than from the knowledge of what Hannibal was going to do to him. And Hannibal didn’t take much time to prep him further—just enough, he suspected, to make sure any damage was minimal.

Then he felt Hannibal crowding behind him. His hands smoothed over Will's hips and down his thighs, indulging in the territory he was finally claiming for himself, before lining himself

up and beginning to push. At first, it didn't feel like it was actually going to go in, and he said, "You're going to need to relax, Will, or this will be painful."

Those words certainly didn't help him relax, but he did his best not to clench against the relentless pressure, until something finally gave and Hannibal managed to push in right alongside Anthony.

Will made a loud, ragged noise. He couldn't help it—it was so much, too much. Not agonizing, but there was certainly some degree of pain. But he didn't struggle against it, even when Hannibal pulled him back, holding him closer. Will relaxed into it as best as he could. He let Hannibal's fingers push past his lips to rest on his tongue, just as he thrust forward. He barely stopped himself from biting down from discomfort, teeth scraping precariously at the knuckles that stretched out his lips. Hannibal's pace wasn't brutal, but it certainly wasn't gentle, and when he moved to hold Will's hair instead of his mouth and gave a particularly strong thrust, Will cried, "*Fuck*, Hannibal…"

It was a moment later that he realized it was the first time he had used Hannibal's real name in front of Anthony. And that fully shattered whatever small chance remained that Anthony could have made it out of this alive. It was strange to know this at the same time as he was watching the man beneath him—his eyelids gone heavy and his face flushed, gripping Will's thighs tightly while he rocked his hips very slowly, unaware that this would be the very last pleasure in life he would get to enjoy. But Will couldn't linger on it. He didn't have nearly enough mental energy when he was so overcome by sensation.

Hannibal touched Will everywhere, every single inch of skin that Will knew he had been aching to touch for months. He breathed in his scent behind his ear as Will shook from overstimulation and low burning pain.

"It's too much," Will gasped.

"I'm only giving you what you wanted, Will." Hannibal sounded surprisingly placid, though breathless. "I'm sure you can handle it."

The push and pull of the two men inside him left him feeling weak, time blurring strangely. He felt like he melded with Hannibal—while he was experiencing his wrath, he was also experiencing his pleasure, coursing through him where their bodies connected.

Then Hannibal leaned forward and licked his earlobe, an astoundingly delicate sensation in contrast to what was happening inside him. He whispered: "If you want to earn my forgiveness, Will, you should kill him before he sullies what is mine."

Will took a shaky breath. His head was swimming; he could barely process what was happening now, let alone conceive of doing anything more, an act that would require confidence and strength when he was now feeling little more than a rag doll.

But Hannibal was strong against his back, effortless. Will could smell him, the heat of his skin spilling into the air, and he could feel the heat of his breath and the brush of chest hair along his back. Will looked down at Anthony. His survival instinct had clearly dissipated—too far lost in pleasure to worry about what his fate might be after it was over.

Will closed his eyes briefly, thinking of Hannibal's desire here, letting it wash over him and put him in a mindset where this would be easier.

And he latched his hands around Anthony's neck, pressing hard enough against his carotid arteries to cut off blood flow to his brain.

Anthony choked, eyes suddenly wide, and attempted to pry his hands off, to no avail. Will felt him bucking inside him, rhythm broken into panic. Anthony clawed at his face, and Hannibal was on him in a minute, grabbing his wrists and forcing them down against the mattress—and in the process, pushing Will closer against Anthony's chest. He concentrated on maintaining enough tension to kill him, and Anthony was quickly going weak. He felt Hannibal's own arousal leap at seeing, *feeling* Will kill this man, making his motion jerky and his breath slightly ragged. And Will himself was swimming in a fog of desire. Hannibal was filling him so thoroughly, and had guided his hands to this place, and he felt high off the sensation, the power, the pride.

Anthony stopped struggling entirely and Hannibal growled. "Keep your hands on him, just like that. Don't release him until the last of his pulse dies away."

Will shifted so his weight fell harder on his hands. It took longer than it did for him to lose consciousness, but eventually he felt Anthony's pulse fall to a weak flutter, and then to nothing. Anthony was dead while still inside him.

"He's gone," Will gasped, shuddering and no longer able to tell whether it was adrenaline, arousal, or revulsion. "God, Hannibal…"

He grabbed Will and practically pulled him off of Anthony, throwing him back on the mattress. Hannibal was radiating enough satisfaction to drown in, but he was not gentle. When he covered Will's lips in a kiss, it felt like he was devouring him. His hands were firm everywhere they touched, spreading Will's thighs with no hesitation or room for protest before sliding back inside of him.

"Are you proud to have made me lose my self-control?" Hannibal hissed after a particularly hard thrust.

"I'm…" Will seemed to have lost the ability to think coherently. "I just wanted…"

"Did you want this to happen, so I would assert what you already sensed between us? Or did you really want that man so badly on his own merits?"

"No. Just… he was just a tool."

Hannibal growled his approval. "Yes, he was. And you got what you wanted, after all."

He caught Will at an angle that almost made him scream, his prostate throbbing.

"But you must know," he continued, "that my patience has limits. As amusing as this diversion was, I won't tolerate anyone else touching you. Because you *are* mine, aren't you, Will?"

“Yes. Fuck, Hannibal. I’m yours.”

Hannibal bit at his neck, more sharply than was likely advisable, and Will winced from the pain, but it didn’t really feel *wrong*—it just felt like Hannibal claiming him.

Hannibal was rough and fierce, until finally he came inside Will, biting hard enough on his shoulder that he was sure it drew blood.

“Only mine, Will,” he murmured.

Will was panting, and every nerve felt like it was on fire. He hadn’t quite managed to come, but he wasn’t about to point that out after everything that had just happened.

After Hannibal pulled out, he wrapped his fingers around Will’s cock, and Will had only the fleeting hope that it might be for his pleasure before Hannibal spoke.

“You won’t be attaining orgasm tonight, Will. Possibly not all this week. You have been exceptionally rude.”

Then he grasped the base of it and squeezed so hard that it could do nothing more than cause him pain.

Will groaned and ground his teeth, but he didn’t dare complain. He thought he would willingly suffer worse torture if it was by Hannibal’s hand. At least this time, he felt like he deserved it.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this wild ride!

A quick bit of promo: I am offering fic for the Fandom Trumps Hate charity auction, which will be live Feb. 26 to March 1. You can check out my details at https://fth2019offerings.dreamwidth.org/125514.html if you're interested. Basically the winner donates directly to their choice of several charities, submits proof of donation, and I write them a fic. This is 100% non-profit, so I'm hoping this is okay by AO3's promo guidelines.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!